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THE FLAG*

Fritz propounded many theories, none of them very encouraging. He was pretty sure that the *Flag* had sailed a long way to the east during the week after the mutiny. In that case the boat would have been cast adrift in that part of the Indian Ocean where the charts show only a few islands, Amsterdam and Saint Paul, or, farther south, the archipelago of Kerguelen. Yet even in these islands the former deserted, the latter inhabited, life would be assured, salvation certain, and—who could say?—some day or other they might be able to get home from there.

Besides, if since the 27th of September, the ship's boat had been carried northwards by the breeze from the south, it was just possible that this land was part of the Australian continent. If they got to Hobart Town, Melbourne, or Adelaide, they would be safe. But if the boat landed in the south-west portion, in King George's Bay or by Cap3 Leeuwin, a country inhabited by hordes of savages, the position would be more serious. Here at sea there was at least a chance of falling in with a ship bound for Australia or some of the Pacific

Islands\*

"Anyhow, Jenny," said Fritz to his wife, who had taken her place by his side again, "we must be a long way—hundreds of miles—from New Switzerland."

"No doubt," Jenny answered, "but it is something that land is there! What your family did